

RED FOLK and WILD FOLK



EDWIN WILLARD DEMING

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Red folk and wild folk

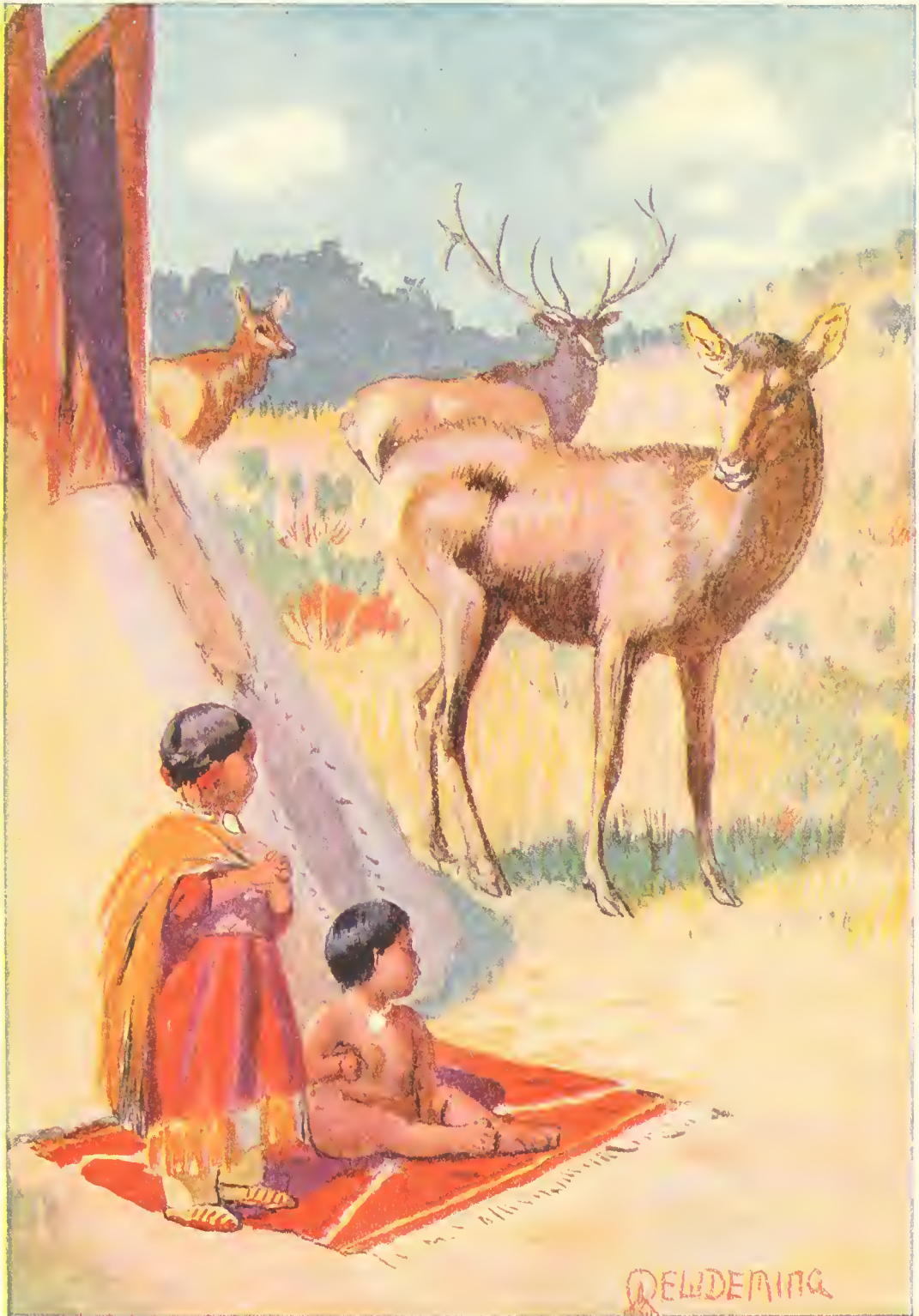
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RED FOLK AND WILD FOLK

WITH NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE COLOUR-PLATES AFTER PAINTINGS
IN WATER-COLOUR TOGETHER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
IN BLACK-AND-WHITE,

By EDWIN WILLARD DEMING

AND WITH INDIAN FOLK-LORE STORIES FOR CHILDREN

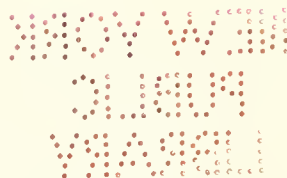
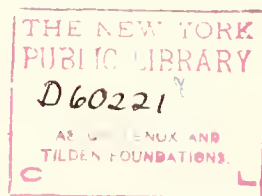
By THERESE O. DEMING



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FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

TO OUR TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS
ALDEN AND KATHRYN
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The Old Elk Mama.

“See, the geese have returned ; they are flying to the North, and we shall soon have spring,” said an Indian father to his wife. “To-morrow we will take our little ones and start for the mountains. We are very poor now, and we must lay in a good supply of furs, skins and dried meat before the summer is over again.”



Next day the mother took her tiny little new baby on her back, and the papa took his little girl, who was five years old, and off they started for the mountains.

They travelled many, many days, and at last the father said they would stop and camp. So the mother put up the tepee while the papa went off to hunt.

He was a very good hunter, and it was not very long before the papa had a nice pile of warm furs and the mama had quite a little dried meat put away for the winter supply.

One morning the Indian mama put her baby in the little girl's arms and said: “You must take good care of your little brother; for I am going over the river with your father to get some berries. I will be back soon.” She got into the canoe, and the papa paddled out into the river.

They were almost in the middle of the stream when a great storm suddenly broke right over them, and the wind lashed the water into fury. Soon the canoe was tipped over, and the wind blew it away. The father and mother could not save themselves and were drowned.

When night came on and the baby's mama did not return he began to cry. The sister knew her baby brother was hungry, but she did not know what to give him to eat, because he had no teeth. He cried harder and harder, and at last the little sister gave him some dried meat. Though he could not eat it, he liked the taste of the meat and stopped crying for a little while.

Soon the baby grew so hungry that he cried harder and harder, and the sister cried with him because she felt so sorry for her little brother and did not know how to help him.

Mother Elk happened to hear the child cry. She had just lost her little baby elk, and she said: "Why is that poor baby crying?"

"My mother went off this morning," answered the child, "and the little baby is very hungry. I do not know what to give him to eat, for he has no teeth."

"I have plenty of milk," said Mother Elk; "bring the child to me, and I will feed him."

The little girl took the baby to Mother Elk, and when the child had taken all the milk he wanted, he stopped crying and was happy again. The older child ate the dried meat her mother had left behind.

When the baby had satisfied its hunger, Mother Elk went off into the forests to feed; but she always returned to give the baby milk.

Soon the little girl had eaten all the meat her mother had left behind, and she did not know how to get more, for she was herself only a baby. When Mother Elk came to feed the baby, she said: "I have nothing more to eat, will you tell me where I can find food?"

"You may drink some of my milk, I have plenty for you both; then you will not be hungry."

The child thanked her and it was not long before Mother Elk learned to love the two children very dearly, and did not like to be separated from them.

When she went to the forests to feed, she took the babies with her, and, when night came on, she took them back to the lodge and slept outside, for she was too big to go in.

The little girl would wrap herself and the baby in warm furs, and then lie as close to him as possible, so that they should be warm. They were not afraid of the dark—why should they be? Nobody would want to hurt two poor little children, and then, their elk mother was lying right outside of the tepee.

When the cold winter came the children could not go out with Mother Elk, but had to stay in the tepee and keep warm under the furs, while the Elk mother went to eat whatever herbs or grasses she could find.



It happened that some Indian hunters came over the mountain just as the sun was getting up one morning. They could see far down in the valley a tepee. Outside of the tepee were the sticks set in the ground, and from them was hanging an old kettle. No smoke was coming out of the smoke-hole in the tepee, and the snow was piled way up over the kettle.

The hunters went down to see what the trouble might be. Had all the Indians been killed? There were only elk-tracks around the lodge, and they saw where the elk had been sleeping. The kettle had been hanging for a long time, and there were no signs of life.

They lifted the fly and walked in. There, lying on the ground, just as close together as they could get, were two little papposes, almost hidden by their covering of furs. The children were sleeping soundly and looked as happy and comfortable as if they were sleeping at their own home in the Indian village.

Mother Elk just came back at that moment and called the children. They went out and had their breakfast; then the hunters picked them up and carried them away. Mother Elk watched them until she could see them no more, and she was sad again, for she had lost two more babies—at least she felt so, for she had been the mother of the children so long.

The men carried the children back to the village and gave them to their grandmother to bring up. When the baby boy grew to be a big man they called him "Elk" and made him chief of the elk clan, because, for a little while, he had been the baby of a Mama Elk.

The Punishment of the Coon.

One cold winter's day, a coon was travelling along through the forests. He was very much troubled by fleas that kept biting his back, for he could not reach them there.

"I will get you off yet ; you will see !" said the coon, and he rubbed his back against the tree-trunks ; but the fleas only went deeper into his fur and bit harder.

Suddenly he came upon a little bark hut, far back in the forest, and he walked in and sat down by the fire. The old woman who owned the hut asked what he wanted, and the coon answered :

"I am in great trouble. A great many fleas are on my back, and I can neither reach them nor can I rub them off. If you will pick them off for me, I will give you my mittens of fur."

The poor old woman had a great many little children, from a tiny baby just able to walk to her eldest daughter who helped her a great deal.



“ If I help the coon,” she thought, “ I can trade his mittens and get something for my children to eat.” So she said to the coon: “ I will help you, but you must give me your mittens.”

The old woman began her task. The coon was as large as a very big dog then, and his back was covered with the wicked little fleas. They hid deep in the fur, and the woman had to work hard.

At last the task was finished, and the coon gave his mittens, bade the woman good-bye and started on his journey. Soon his hands began to feel cold.

“ Was I not foolish to give my mittens for such a small task ? ” he thought ; but he travelled on. By and by, he could stand the cold no longer, so he went back again to the hut in the forest. There sat the old woman in the opening.

“ What do you want this time ? ” she asked.

“ I want my mittens again ; it is too cold to travel without them ! ”

“ I have traded your mittens for food for my children,” answered the mother.

The coon was angry, but he went away. “ I will watch until she goes out, then I will go into the hut and find my mittens,” he thought ; and he hid in the forest where nobody could see him.

Next day the woman said : “ Children, the coon must be far away by this time. I will go out and gather berries for you to eat.” The coon saw her leave her home, and then he crept up to the house and walked in.

The children saw him ; so they ran out and hid in the deepest brush—all but the smallest who could not run but hid under a wooden bowl and kept very quiet.

The coon hunted all over for the mittens and could not find them. “If I find her babies, I will make them tell where my mittens are,” he said. At last he found the baby under the wooden bowl: “Where are my mittens?” he asked, but she could not even talk;

she was so small. “Tell me where my mittens are!” yelled the coon, and he bit the baby’s cheek. That made the



baby cry, and the coon ran away, because he knew the mother would hurry home when she heard the crying, and then she would know who had bitten the baby.

When the mother heard her baby crying, she hurried home and saw the big bite in her little one’s cheek. She called her children; but they did not answer, and she thought they had all been killed. “Who hurt my baby?” asked the mother, and the little one told by making signs with its hands.

“It was the coon! I will punish him,” said the woman, and off she ran into the forest for some long

switches. Then she started after the coon. She found him, a great way off, resting on a rock near a lake.

“ I have you ! Why did you kill my children and bite my little one ? There ! there ! and there ! ” and the woman hit so hard that she raised great black and blue stripes.

With each stroke the coon became smaller, and when he was very small, the woman said :

“ You will always carry the marks of my beating, and neither you nor any of your family will ever grow any bigger than you are now.”

The coon has remained small and carries the black marks of his beating to this day.

The frogs in the lake heard the noise and came to the top to see what could be the matter. The animals of the forest, also crept out and watched.

“ Croak, croak, croak ! ” laughed the frogs, and that made the coon terribly angry, so he answered ; “ I will eat you in the future and spare none of your family ; ” but the frogs only laughed harder, and the other animals laughed with them.

After the old woman was gone the coon rushed at the frogs, but they splashed into the water out of his reach. The foxes and bears rushed at him, laughing, and the coon had to run and hide from the big animals, as he has had to do ever since.

Since then the little Indian children have hunted the coon with their bows and arrows, for they love to eat his flesh.



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The Old Woman and the Moose-Snake.

In a little village, on the shore of a great lake, lived a poor old Indian woman. She had no friends to love her, and, because she was so poor, nobody would have anything to do with her.



One day, while she was sitting alone on the shore of the lake, she saw the great moose-snake (M'sas-sook) stick his head out of the water. She was not afraid of him, because he was always good to the Indians; but she knew there would be a great storm, for, whenever

the snake rose straight out of the water, the thunder and lightning came down to drive him back again.

M'sas-sook (king of the waters) had a gold medal on each side of his head. The old woman saw them shine, and she thought: "If I had those bright pieces from the head of the moose-snake, I should always have good luck. I will ask him for them." That night, the old woman did not return to her hut, but went into the forests and waited on the shore of a small lake, through which she knew the moose-snake would have to pass, on his way over the mountains, as he travelled from one body of water to another

She could only think of her troubles :—"How lonely I am ; I have no friends to comfort me, and, if it were not for my poor bark hut, the north winds would freeze me, or the wild beasts would devour me. M'sas-sook will take pity when he hears my story ; he is always good to the Indians. What is that noise !" She turned and saw the great snake, coming toward her. She was frightened when she saw him, with his great moose-horns and big, round, snake body, and felt like running away ; but she knew he would not hurt her.

M'sas-sook saw the woman, as he was about to enter the lake.

"What do you want of me ?" he asked.

M'sas-sook, give me the golden medals from your head. I need them very much ; all my people dislike me because I am poor, and they will have nothing to do with me. If you will give me your medals, I shall be happy, and my people will be kind to me. Please give me the medals !

"I will let you take one of my medals, but I must keep the other," said M'sas-sook, and the poor woman took one of the medals from the head of the great moose-snake. She thanked him for his kindness and started for her village. She was a very happy old woman, and she thought as she hurried along, "Now my people will love me, and I shall have friends."

Night overtook her before she was out of the woods ; so she lay down on the bank of a lake to rest. She was tired and soon fell fast asleep ; but, suddenly she sat up and was wide awake in a moment. She



REDEMING

heard a strange noise ; what could it mean ? All around her, staring through the darkness, were the bright eyes of many wild animals. The old woman was terribly frightened.

“What do you want of me ?” she asked. “You have one of the medals from the head of the moose-snake, and we have come to help you,” answered a voice from one of the animals.

“You can do nothing for me, you are only animals, and I am a poor, lonely old woman.”

“We can give you furs and skins ; then you will be rich among your people,” answered the voice, and each of the animals gave the woman meat and furs, so she should have plenty. Then they stared at her out of the darkness.

Though she knew M'sas-sook had sent the animals, the old woman was afraid. She gladly welcomed the grey dawn, when she bade the animal people good-bye, and started on her journey home, this time with arms full of riches.

Her people were surprised when she entered the village, and treated her more kindly. She told how M'sas-sook had let her take one of his medals, and then they knew she would always have plenty of everything.

When darkness came again, she went to her poor



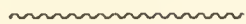
hut to sleep. She would not leave it, though many of her people asked her to; for this bark hut had been her only friend, and she would always love it. With the night came the many mysterious animals and the great, staring eyes, looking out of the darkness. "What do you want of me this time?" asked the woman. "You have one of the medals from the head of M'sas-sook, and we have come to help you," answered a voice from one of the animals.

"But, you gave me many things last night, and I am rich among my people now!"

As they had done the night before, the animals left many furs, skins, and a great deal of meat. Then they stayed, staring through the night, until the morning light broke through the darkness, when they disappeared, and the woman did not know where they had come from, nor where they had gone. When the people came to see her, they saw all the things M'sas-sook had sent.

The old woman wore the medal about her neck, fastened to a buckskin string, so that she should not lose it. She loved to walk through the village and hear the happy laughter of the children as they hurried to greet her. Everybody and everything loved her; even the dogs would try to push the children aside in their eagerness to be close to her, and she could never thank the great snake enough for all her happiness.

Who Makes the Echo ?



Turtle-dove, a young Indian mother, had two little children whom she loved very dearly. When she went into the forests to gather herbs and berries, she always took them with her. She started for the forests very early one morning and went farther than usual. Because she was tired from carrying her sleeping child on her back, she gave him to his little



sister and put her under a sage bush. "Take care of your brother for me ; I will be back soon," said the mother, and the child promised she

would be kind to the little baby.

The mother wandered away and had gone some distance, when the little girl saw an old woman, standing in front of her.

"Is that your baby brother?" asked the old woman.

The little girl was afraid ; she thought the woman must be a witch, and witches took little boys away. She held her little brother close and answered, " No, this is my little sister."

"You naughty, naughty child, don't you know it

is very wrong for little girls to say what is not true?" and the old witch looked so angry, that the little girl was frightened; then the old woman seized the baby brother and ran off with him.

She carried him to her home, far up in the mountain, and laid him on the ground. "I have always wanted a husband," said the witch. "I will make this baby into a man, then I will marry him."

She took the baby by one little leg and pulled and pulled, until it was very long; then she took the other leg and stretched it, until both legs were the same length. The witch had made the baby into a tall man, but he still had his baby arms; so she caught him by the shoulders with one hand and with the other pulled an arm. It grew longer and longer, and she took the baby's other arm and pulled it in the same way; and soon her husband had long arms!

Meanwhile Turtle-dove went back and found her little daughter alone, sitting under the sage bush, crying very hard because the baby was gone.

"Where is my baby?" asked the poor mother.

"The witch took him away from me," answered the little girl. The mother was almost crazy.

Turtle-dove's brother, the Eagle, travelled day and night over all the land, and at last he heard a strange voice. He went nearer and saw Sage-cock, the witch's husband. Then he returned and told the mother what he had seen and heard.

"If it be my baby, he will know my voice,"



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said the mother, and she hurried to the place and climbed a cedar tree and began to mourn.

When the boy heard the sound of his mother's voice, he cried: "I hear my mother; my mother is calling me!" Then the witch turned him back into a baby and hid him in a hollow tree; and she too got into it. "They will never look here for us," she thought.

"Sister," said the eagle, "before long the old woman will be hungry; then they will have to leave their hiding-place. I will put a rabbit in the top of this tree, and then I will cut off the bark and thin the branches, so that the witch will have a hard time climbing for the food."

The witch smelled the food and came out to find it. She tried to climb the tree, but it was very slippery, and she would climb up a little way, only to slip back again.

While the witch was trying to get the food, the eagle took the baby from his hiding-place and carried him to the delighted mother; then he flew up into the clouds and ordered a storm.

When the witch returned and found the baby gone, she was angry and looked around for tracks; the rain had washed them all away, but it did not hide the three feathers the eagle had dropped.



"Now I know!" cried the witch; "it was the eagle. I must go to my grandfather, the rattlesnake, for protection."

The rattlesnake was asleep on a rock, and did not want to be disturbed, so when the witch called him, he answered, "Go back to your home; I do not want you here!"

"Oh, help me, grandfather, or the eagle will catch me!" begged the witch.

"Crawl into my stomach." The old witch did as he told her, and then, the rattlesnake became so ill that he feared he should die. He told her to come out again, but she would not. At last, in his terrible pain, he crawled out of his skin and left the witch inside. When she found she could not get out of the skin, she rolled about and hid in the rocks.

Since that day, the rattlesnakes lose their skins every year.

The eagle was hunting for the old witch, and he kept calling, "Old witch, old witch! Where are you?" and the old witch mocked everything he said, rolling farther and farther away all the time, so that he could not find her.

Since then little Indian children say it is only ignorant people who think they hear the echo and do not know it is only the angry witches they hear, mocking them; because the witches can never frighten or carry off children any more. They cannot even travel about in the sunshine, for they always have to stay in their rattlesnake-skin homes.



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The Coyote Bringing Fire to the Red People.

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There was once a time when the Indians had no fire, but had to live on herbs, berries, plants and such other things as could be eaten raw. They did not eat fish or flesh, because they had no fire to cook with.

When the cold winter came, the people could not keep warm, and asked the animal people for some of their fire ; but the animals had none to give.



The red people knew where fire was kept ; but no man had ever dared

go to the place where the Great Spirit had hidden it in a casket and had set two old hags on guard, so that man could not steal it.

Now it happened that man had been very kind to the coyote in his hour of need ; so the coyote promised to bring the much-needed fire to man, and called together all the animals. He told them how he planned to get fire and asked if they would help him, and as all the animals were willing, he selected one of each kind, from the cougar down to the poor little frog.

“ I will station you all along the trail, from the

settlement of man to the distant home of the Great Spirit, where the hags guard the fire," said the coyote. "The frog, because he is weakest, shall be stationed nearest home, and so in turn each animal, until the cougar shall have his post nearest the fire — for you are stronger than the others, cougar. I will steal the fire and run with it to the cougar; he will take it and pass it on; and each animal, in turn, will run his best, so that the old hags cannot get the fire away from him."

Then the coyote went to the Indian camp and took one of the red men with him. He placed him under a hill near the old hags' cabin, went to the door, and knocked.

One of the old hags opened the door, and the coyote said, "Good evening."

"Good evening," answered the old woman.

"It is a cold night. Will you not let me come in and sit by your fire?"

"Yes; come in," and the coyote went in and stretched himself before the fire. He reached his nose toward the warm blaze, sniffed the heat, and felt very comfortable. Then he stretched his head along his forepaws and pretended to sleep.

He kept the corner of one eye open to watch the hags; but, as they had been set by the Great Spirit to watch the fire, they never slept day or night. Thus the coyote's night of watching and thinking was all to no purpose; he might as well have slept.

Next morning he went out to the Indian whom he had hidden under the hill, and said: "I have not been successful; the hags watch the fire all the time. I will go back again, and, when I am in the cabin, you must make a rush as if you were going to steal some fire, and then, while they are trying to keep you back, I will steal it."

That night the coyote went back again. He knocked, and when he asked to go in again the hags said he might; for they did not think a coyote could steal fire.

He stood close to the casket and, when the Indian made a great rush toward the cabin, the coyote seized a brand of fire in his teeth and ran out of the other door.

He skimmed over the ground; but the old hags saw the sparks flying and gave chase. They gained on him fast, and he was all out of breath, when he reached the cougar, who did not lose an instant, but ran to the next animal—the old hags always following, and each animal having very little time to spare before the hags came up.

Next to the last came the ground squirrel. He snatched the burning brand from the rabbit, just as the hags came up, and he almost flew along. He



went so fast that his tail caught fire, and, as he held it curled over his back to keep it out of his way, it burned a black spot behind his shoulders, which is there to this day.

He was almost out of breath and so tired he could not take another step, when he reached the frog. The hags were almost at his heels. The frog opened his mouth very wide, and the squirrel threw the fire into it. He swallowed it at a gulp and then turned to take a great jump, for the poor fellow could not run.

The hags were so close behind that they seized him by the tail and tweaked it off, for he was a tadpole then, and that is the reason frogs have no tails to this day.

The hags were sure of capturing their fire then; but, in the little moment they gave the frog, he jumped into the water and swam under it for a long time—as long as he could possibly hold his breath. Then he came up and spat the fire into a log of driftwood, where it has staid ever since.

After that when the Indians wanted fire they needed only to rub two sticks together, and the fire came forth.

## The Gratitude of Rabbit.

Poor little rabbit had lost his parents, and he was all alone in the world. He was such a tiny little fellow that he could not take care of himself or find anything to eat.



An old woman was passing his

home one day, and she heard baby rabbit crying.

“What is the matter?” she asked, and he answered, “I am alone and have no one to help me get anything to eat. I am so hungry!”

The woman took pity on the little fellow and carried him home with her. “I have not much,” she said; “but I can always share what I have with a fellow sufferer.”

She fed baby rabbit and grew to be very fond of him. Little rabbit always lived with her, and he grew and grew until he was very big; but he never helped the woman bring food home—perhaps because she did not ask him.



“What could a poor little fellow like that do?” thought she.

As the years rolled by, the woman kept getting older and older, until it was very hard for her to supply the tiniest bit of food, or to gather a few small twigs for the fire.

One day, after she had with difficulty stored up a small supply of food and firewood, she said to rabbit:

“My son, I am getting very old, I cannot gather any more herbs and berries, and, after we have eaten what I have here, we shall have to starve; but let us enjoy what we have. Then we can die together.”

So they lived on the little supply, and, when all was gone and the fire out, rabbit said: “Mother, you were kind to me in my time of need; now I will help take care of you. I will catch you some fish if you will let me go.

The old woman said he might try; but she thought: “How can little rabbit catch fish?”

Rabbit took the net and set it in a lake where he knew there were many fish; then he returned home for the night, bringing some berries for the old woman to eat. Next morning, very early, he started for the lake. When he reached his net, he lifted one corner and found there was a fish in every mesh. He shook out some, for he would not need so many at once, and then he pulled in the net, gathered together the fish, and started for home.

“See, mother, I have brought you many fish; now we shall not starve for I can help you!” cried

rabbit as he neared the hut. "That is nice," answered the woman; "but our fire is out, and we cannot cook them." "I will get you some fire, while you clean the fish." So rabbit bade the woman good-bye and started for the river, carrying his net under his arm.

When rabbit reached the river, he called the big fish and told them to make a bridge, so that he could cross the water. The fish did as rabbit said, and, after he was on the other side, he told the fish to swim away; then he jumped into the water, so that his fur should be wet, and lay down on the bank, pretending to be dead.

He was not very far from an Indian village, and soon the Indian children came to play on the sandy bank. One of the boys found rabbit, carried him home; and told where he had found him.

"Carry him to the iron kettle, where there is a big fire," said the father, and the boy put rabbit down to skin him.



Poor rabbit was terribly frightened and opened just a corner of one eye to see if there were any way to escape. He saw a big round hole right in the

top of the tepee. Then he said, very softly: "Fire, throw a spark upon my net!" Instantly the firewood snapped, and a great spark set his net on fire. Rabbit was afraid of the fire; but he sprang out of the hole in the top of the tepee and pulled the net out after him.

When the Indians saw they had been outwitted by rabbit, they gave chase, and the little fellow had to run faster and faster, so that when he came to the bank of the river he could not stop himself but gave one great leap and jumped clear over the river, and the Indians could not catch him. Then he examined his net, and the fire was still smouldering; so he hurried home, and the old woman fanned it back to life again. Then rabbit gathered twigs and they kept the fire burning.

So it was that rabbit showed his gratitude to the old woman who had been kind to him.



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## How a Mother Bear Saved a Little Red Baby.

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One day a young Indian hunter took an Indian maiden for his wife, and the two started off for the mountains, to hunt. They were very successful in getting furs and skins, and there had come to them a dear little black-haired, black-eyed baby boy.



The little boy was about two years old, when the papa and mama decided to return to their home. All the things were packed; the papa lifted the baby to the mother's back; and off they started.

One morning the papa said: "We will stay here. I see many bear-tracks, and I must get a big bear."

The mother prepared to stay, and, while she was busy, the boy played around the lodge; but, when she looked up from her work, the baby was gone.

"He has gone into the lodge to sleep," thought the woman.

Soon the papa returned and asked for his boy.

"He has gone into the lodge to sleep," answered the mother.

When the dish of dried-meat stew was set on the mat, for the father to eat, he said:

"The boy must be hungry, I will call him. Come, little warrior, eat! Father wants to see his little hunter." The baby did not answer, so the hunter went to get his boy ; but the baby was not in the lodge.

The meal was forgotten, and both started to search for him.

The baby had played around the lodge for a long time, and he saw the little birds flying about. It was late in the autumn, and the dead leaves were lying all over the ground. As the little fellow trotted through them, he thought they were singing to him ; so he talked to them in his baby language, and they became his friends.

He went on and on, as long as he heard the song of the leaves and the chattering of the little birds. Often little rabbits jumped across his path ; they were not afraid of such a little fellow and sat upon their haunches to see what new kind of animal he might be.

By and by, the birds went to sleep ; the forest became dark ; and the little boy could not see. Then he thought of his mama and papa and began to cry.

When a little child cries because he is hungry, his voice often sounds like that of a baby bear.

A big mama bear was just coming through the leaves, and, when she heard the baby crying, she began to hunt for what she thought was a lost baby bear, and at last she found him.

She took him in her arms and curled her furry



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body around him, so that he should be warm, and he stopped crying and fell sound asleep.

When the little fellow awakened in the morning, he seemed contented.

The mother bear was sure this funny little bear was hungry, so she tried to get the baby to follow her, but he did not understand. She went to the little boy's side, raised herself on her hind legs, and walked away, just as she wanted the baby to do; but the boy thought this was so funny that he only laughed.

When the bear saw that the baby did not follow her, she went back on her four legs and started over again, and this she did until the boy understood and trotted after her. As long as the baby followed, the mother bear went right on, but when he stopped she went back to get him again.



At last they reached the beech-nut grove, and the mother bear took her big paw and brushed away the leaves until she found many beech-nuts. The baby saw the mama bear take a mouthful of nuts and eat them; so he thought he would try some too. How good they tasted to the hungry baby.

Bye and bye the bear coaxed the baby to a streamlet, put her mouth to the water and drank; then baby got down on his hands and knees and drank as he saw the bear do.

When night came on the bear took the child to her cave in the mountain, took him in her arms and kept him warm until morning.

The boy was happy, and he did not miss his mother and father who had searched, as they thought, all through the forests. They looked for many days without success and at last started for their home, mourning. They thought their baby must have died of hunger and cold, or else the wild beasts had eaten it.

The mother told her people what had happened and asked, "What shall we do?" "Go ask the wizard,—he will know, for he is a very wise man."

The mother and father took furs and skins as presents, and went to the wizard's hut. He was sitting before a low fire, stirring herbs for medicine. "O grandfather," begged the unhappy mother, "tell me is our little one dead, or is he still alive?"

The old man answered: "Your child is alive, he is well; go into the forest, search, and you will find him."

The mother and father hurried, and all the people followed to the camp where the baby had been lost; then men, women, and children hunted in all directions.

One day an Indian reached the beech-nut grove, where the bear was gathering nuts; she led the way to her cave, and there was the lost baby.

The boy grew up to be a great hunter; but he always respected the bears and would never hurt or kill them, for they had saved his baby life.

Why Ducks Have Short Tails and the Coon Must Go Barefooted.

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Ever since the coon was made small he has played all sorts of tricks on the animal people, to get the kind of food he liked best. Once he caught a frog sitting upon a rock by the side of a lake. In the lake lived many little fish, and the coon wanted them ; so he told the frog to go down into the water and tell the fish to shut their eyes and swim about in the warm, spring sunshine.

“If you promise to do as I say,” said the coon, “I will let you go.”

Of course the frog did not want to be

eaten ; so he promised, and down he went into the water and sent the poor little fish to be eaten by the hungry coon. They swam to the top, and, before any of them knew what was happening, the coon had eaten all he wanted. That was why the fish became enemies of the frog, and now the fish eat frogs whenever they catch them.

After the coon had eaten all the breakfast he



wanted, he went to sleep and did not awaken all day until it was getting dark ; then he opened his eyes and hurried to find his supper, for he was hungry again. “ I will look for a frog,” he thought, and hunted all around the lake ; but he could not find one. Then he put his hands into all the little holes around the edge, and still he could not catch a frog.

“ I must have some more fish,” said the coon. “ Frogs, frogs !” but the frogs were afraid to come and only answered, “ croak, croak.”

“ They say, ‘ Drink ! Drink ! ’ ” thought the coon, and he went to the water to drink. Then he called again.

“ Croak, croak, croak,” answered the frogs.

“ Why do you say, ‘ drink more water ’ ? I cannot drink any more, I am hungry ! ”

“ Croak, croak, croak,” answered the frogs.

“ I will not listen to your stupid, ‘ Croak, croak, croak,’ I am hungry ! ” called the coon impatiently.

As the coon started to go away, he looked far out on the lake, and there he saw some ducks swimming about, with their beautiful long tails spread out on top of the water. Ducks had long tails in those days, and they were very proud of them. “ I shall get some supper now,” thought the delighted coon. “ I will play a trick on those vain old ducks.” So he built a good big fire on top of a little ridge, and then he lay down, pretending to be dead. He knew the inquisitive ducks would want to find out what it all might mean. Pretty soon the ducks saw the fire



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and started for the shore. They stopped every little while to eat something floating on top of the water—perhaps a frog, some wild celery or rice—and it took them a long time. When they finally reached the shore they looked around. Everything seemed all right there; so they shook the water off their backs, settled their feathers and then shook their fine long tails.

“Quack,” said the leader. That surely meant, “Follow me,” in their language, for all the ducks fol-

lowed, and such a quacking you never heard! They were not at all polite; but all talked together, each trying to tell first what that strange light might mean.

In the mean while the big fire the coon had built began to spread. It got closer and closer to the coon; but he did not dare move, lest he should frighten the ducks.

“If they will only hurry! This fire is burning my feet. I can stand it no longer!” and up jumped the coon on the rocks. Then he ran as fast as he could go.



“ Quack ! ” cried the leader. “ Quack,” answered the others, and they ran as fast as their waddling little legs would carry them. The coon kept getting nearer and nearer. He could run much faster than the ducks, and he would have caught them if the fire had not got quite so hot. As it was he just caught the leader by his beautiful long tail. The duck was so anxious to get away that he pulled as hard as he could, and the tail came out. Since that day ducks have short tails.

A little Indian village was not far away, and, when the boys saw this big fire on top of a hill in the woods, they hurried out to see what it might mean. When they reached the lake, they saw the coon standing there with a handful of feathers, while the ducks and their leader who had lost his beautiful tail were swimming off. How the boys did laugh ! and when they looked at the coon’s hands and feet, they were bare. He had left the hair and skin wherever he had jumped on the rocks.

“ Now you will always have to go barefooted, because you play so many mean tricks on the little animal people who are weaker than you are.” And the coon has had to go barefooted ever since as a punishment.

The hair and skin that he left upon the rocks started to grow, and now people who do not know what they really are, call them lichens and mosses.



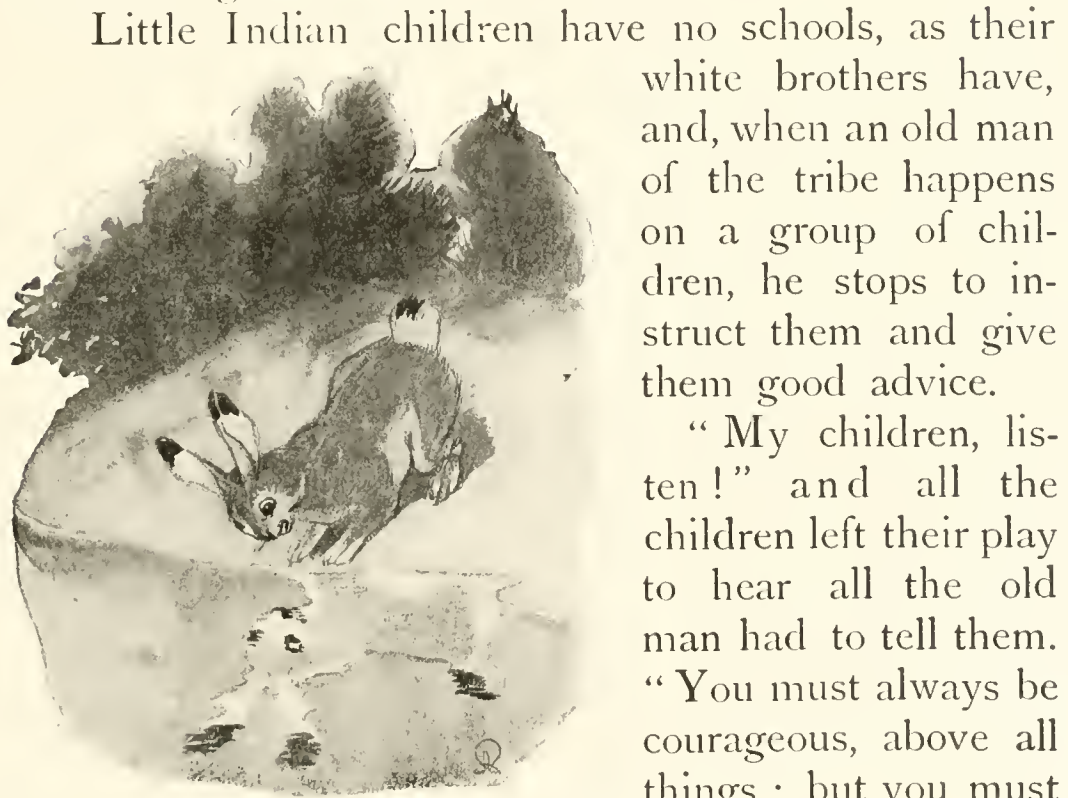


REDEMING

## The Punishment of the Rabbit for Disobeying.

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“ I have one arrow through the ring, and I am going to try to beat you to-day. Yesterday I was far behind, and you laughed at me ; now I will catch up and may get ahead ; but we must stop, for here comes our grandfather.”



Little Indian children have no schools, as their white brothers have, and, when an old man of the tribe happens on a group of children, he stops to instruct them and give them good advice.

“ My children, listen ! ” and all the children left their play to hear all the old man had to tell them. “ You must always be courageous, above all things ; but you must

also obey your parents and your elders.

“ Your grandmother has not told you how it happened that the rabbit has such long ears ; so I shall have to, for I heard your mother calling you yesterday, my boy, and you did not answer. If you do



not obey, you may be punished, even as was the rabbit who did not obey his superiors.

“ Listen closely and remember ! A very long time ago the rabbit had short ears. One morning the owl, who is a very wise bird and was the head of the animal people, called the chiefs of all the different animal clans to council. He told them to meet at a certain place, as some very important things for the welfare of the animal people were to be decided.

“ At the appointed time, the owl went to the gathering and looked over all the chiefs to see if any were missing.

“ ‘ Where is the rabbit ? ’ he asked.

“ No one had seen him, and all knew he had not been there.

“ ‘ I must go to get him then,’ said the wise old bird. ‘ Rabbit ! Rabbit ! ’ he called, but the rabbit was hiding in a hollow log. He was sleepy and did not want to be disturbed.

“ ‘ Rabbit ! Rabbit ! ’ called the owl again, and the rabbit thought, ‘ I will pretend I am asleep, and, if I do not come, they will hold council without me.’

“ But the owl called again, and still he received no answer. ‘ Rabbit, do you not hear me call ? ’ Then the owl became impatient and he said, ‘ Rabbit, if you do not obey, and come to council at once, your ears will grow. They will keep on growing, too, until you answer and come.’

“ The rabbit only laughed to himself. ‘ How can that stupid owl make my ears grow, I should like to

know? He would like to frighten me, since he cannot find me!’ and the rabbit did not answer.

“Pretty soon the rabbit’s ears began to feel very queer. ‘What can be the matter with my ears?’ he cried, ‘I believe they are really growing. What shall I do? I would better answer. So he said, ‘I hear, Owl; I hear. I am coming!’ and he went to council.

“After he had answered, his ears stopped growing; but oh! how the animals laughed when they saw him, with those great long ears!

“The rabbit begged the owl to make the ears short again, but he would not be coaxed, and the rabbit has had to carry long ears to this day, just because he did not obey the owl.

“Now, my children, you must obey your parents, or your ears may grow long like the rabbit’s.”

The children sat quietly until the old man turned his back and started to walk away. Then they went on with their game, each resolving that his ears should not grow long.





## Why the Antelope lost his Dew=Claws and the Deer his Gall=Bag.

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Many, many years ago the antelope and the deer used to visit one another, but whenever they met they always quarrelled as to who could run the faster.

In those days the little red people used to play at games with the animal people, and whenever they heard the deer and the antelope quarrelling they would hurry along, hoping to see the two friends run a race, and so settle the dispute; but they were always disappointed, and never dared suggest a race, for it

would be very wrong, so Indian mamas and papas say, for little people to tell their elders what to do.

The antelope always lived on the prairies, and the deer had his

home in the wooded lands and in the mountainous country, where he was regarded as very fleet of foot. He knew he could outrun any of the animal people living near his home, so why could he not beat the antelope?

One day the antelope went to visit the deer. They were enjoying each other's company very much,



when, by some unhappy accident, or, perhaps intentionally, one of the red children who had gathered around them brought the race into the conversation.

"I know I can beat you," said the deer.

The antelope answered: "That is all foolishness; I can run much faster than you. I will bet my dew-claws that I can beat you in a race." "That is well; let us run," said the deer.

So off they started, over mountains and through the thick timber and brush.

The little red people, who had always been beaten in races with the deer, knew their friend would win! Had they not lived in his home all their little lives, and had they not seen him run races with all the animal people and all the little red people? The antelope could not beat the deer! But this race was the very thing they had hoped for so long; now, every one should know who could run the faster, and perhaps the trouble between the antelope and the deer would stop forever.

The race was shorter than the little people had expected. The antelope was not used to such thick brush and dense timber, and it seemed to hold him back. Perhaps the brush and timber did not want their friend the deer beaten, and made it hard for the antelope to push through. At any rate, he was left way behind and lost the race.

"You have won," he said, turning to the deer, "and here are my dew-claws; but come and visit me in my home on the prairie. There I can beat you!"

Since that day the antelope has no dew-claws.

The little people did wish they could go with the deer when he went to visit the antelope, for it would be such fun to see another race. But they had to be satisfied to leave the next race for the little red people who lived on the plains to see.

When the antelope reached home, he was very sad and told his little red brothers and his little animal brothers just what had happened. They were all very sorry for the poor antelope, and, they knew something must have been wrong; for no animal or boy had ever beaten him. The friends watched every day for the deer, and soon they saw him coming over the prairie to visit the antelope.

As soon as the antelope had welcomed his friend to his home, he began making excuses for having lost, declaring that he could outrun the deer easily. The deer, because he had beaten the antelope once, thought it would be an easy task to do so again.



“Very well,” he said. “I will bet my gall-bag that I can run faster than you.”

“Let us start!” cried the antelope.

The little red people were very desirous of seeing their antelope friend beat the deer, for they were sure he could.

Away they raced over the prairies. Poor little deer, he was not used to running over the flat prairies, and in the open country, where he was not hindered by brush and trees; the antelope was the fleetest. The deer became very tired and lost the race; for, in his own country, the antelope could outrun any animal. The deer handed his gall-bag to the antelope, and to this day he has none.

The little red brothers were happy again, and their antelope friend was no longer sad. His people had seen him outrun the deer.

Since that day the antelope and the deer have not quarrelled about fleetness; for each knows that he can outrun the other in his own home.



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The Little Red Boy and His Wolf Friend.

A small band of Indians went into the forests to hunt one summer, and among them were a young mother and her little boy who was just passing his sixth summer. The mother loved her boy dearly, and all the more did she love him because he was ill.



When she went with her husband, to help him with the game he might kill, she left her baby in the care of an old woman, and told her to look after the little one well until she should return again.

At such times, the little fellow would take some food in his little hands, and wander off into the woods. It was not long before he became acquainted with the animal people, and he loved them very much ; but the wolves were especially kind to him, and would talk to him or play all day long, and at night walk with him, almost to the encampment ; but they would not go home with the boy, because they knew the man people would shoot them.

One morning, when the beautiful summer had passed by and the blue man of the north, as the Indian children call winter, had announced, in the deep voice

of the West Wind, that he was coming, the hunters told the people that they would move on toward home, and that the old people and boys should pack the things and follow with the children. The mother bade her boy good-bye, and told him to be good, saying that they would soon be together again.

When all were ready to start, the boy saw the old woman put on her moccasins, and he asked, "When will you put on my moccasins?" "I will do it soon," answered the woman, but, after all the people had gone, she left camp. "You have not put on my moccasins," said the boy; but the woman answered, "I am not going to put on your moccasins, I am tired taking care of you. You will never be a big hunter." He was afraid when he saw the old woman leave him all alone, and tried to follow her; but the snow hurt his feet, and he had to go back. "How I wish I had gone with my mother," he thought; "but she will come back, and my father will come, when they see I have been left behind." So he sat down to wait.

He was crying bitterly—he was so cold and hungry—when he felt the soft fur of some animal rubbing against his bare little legs. He looked up, and there was his friend, the wolf. How glad he was to see the animal! and the wolf told him to stop crying:—"I will take you to your father and mother, for you have been kind to me."

The boy was glad; he jumped upon the wolf's back, and off they started over the trail the Indians



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had made. As they were travelling along, the little boy saw a porcupine in a tree. "Get me that porcupine," he said; but the wolf answered, "No, it will take too long," and on they went. Before long the boy saw a rabbit. "Get me that rabbit, my friend; I am so hungry." The wolf put the boy on the ground and caught the rabbit. "Cook it," he said, and when the boy had cooked the rabbit, he turned to the wolf and asked, "Which part do you like best?" and the boy gave the wolf the parts he wanted, and ate the rest himself. Then they lay down to sleep.

In the morning, they started on their journey again, and the boy used the rabbit skin to cover his feet, so they should not be so cold. The wolf travelled along very swiftly, and, just at night, overtook the camp. He carried the boy to his father's tepee, and the little fellow ran in. There he saw his father and mother mourning, for they were sad because the old woman told them their boy had fallen in, in crossing a stream, and had drowned before she could reach him.



When they saw the boy, they were glad, and asked how he had got to them again. "The wolf brought me, and he is waiting outside," answered the boy. "Go out

and ask the wolf to come into my tepee," said the father to the woman; but the wolf would not come for her, so she said: "I see some one out there, but

I don't know who it is." "Go," said the father to his son, "bring your friend in"; and the boy persuaded the wolf to go with him.

When he was in the tepee, the wolf said to the old woman: "You had better call me 'some one,' when you are no one, to leave that poor child in the cold, to starve and freeze, because you were tired of taking care of him."

The father and mother heard what the wolf said, and then they knew what the old woman had done. They were very angry, and, after thanking the wolf for his kindness to their boy, they gave him great quantities of meat and provisions for the winter. Before he left, they told him if ever he were in need of food to come to them, and they would give him part of what they had. Then they bade him good-bye.

As for the old woman, when the Indians started for home next day, the mother took her boy with her; but left the woman, without moccasins or provisions, to perish in the cold, just as she had tried to have the baby do.

The Punishment of the Otters.

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Once there were four brothers who always lived in the forest. The three eldest brothers hunted, while the youngest one stayed behind to watch the camp, gather firewood, prepare the meals, and make arrows.

One day, while the young brother was out in the swamps, looking for wood with which to make arrows,



he was attracted by a queer little sound, as if a woman were singing. He looked around and found a beautiful young Indian girl, sitting under a tree.

“What are you doing alone, away out here in the forests?” he asked.

The girl answered that she had no home and was only wandering about; so the young hunter asked her to go home with him, but the girl was afraid.

“My brothers and I have a lodge in the forest, if you will share it with us, you can be our sister and we will be very kind to you,” urged the young red man.

At last, the girl decided to go with him, and they walked along until they reached the lodge, which was to be this young girl's new home.

When the brothers came home and saw their new sister, they were glad to welcome and provide for her as they had never had a sister of their own.

The new sister did all their work and cooked for them, and it was not long before they loved her very dearly. The youngest brother was always left at home to make arrows for the hunters and to take care of the sister.

One day after the young red man had used all his arrow wood, he said to his sister: "I must leave you for a little while to-day, my sister; I must search for wood. Lie on your bed of furs and rest until I come back," and then he started toward the swamp.

He was gone longer than he expected. He knew the lodge was safe and that he need not hurry, for had he not a sister at home who would prepare the evening meal for his hungry brothers?

When the brothers reached home, they saw no smoke from the fire, so they hurried along, calling, "Sister, Sister"; but she did not answer. They rushed into the lodge; she was gone!

In search of her they went over the mountains and far into the plains, but finding no trace of her, they returned to their lodge and lay down for a little rest. They had all fallen asleep but the eldest brother, and he lay awake, trying to think if there were any places they had not searched, when he heard some one weeping.

"Brothers," he called softly, "I think I hear our sister crying. Listen!"



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They listened, and surely they heard her in their own lodge; the eldest brother gently lifted her bed of furs; but, instead of finding his sister under it, he found a great hole, wide enough to crawl through.

The sound seemed to come from this hole, and he said: "Stay here, while I find out whither this hole leads."

The young man crept along very carefully, and each step seemed to bring him closer and closer to the sound, until the hole opened into a large room, and there, lying tightly bound with ropes made from the wild grapevine, was the poor sister crying very hard.

"How did you get down here, my sister?" asked the young man. "Our youngest brother left me in the lodge while he went to gather wood for arrows. I was lying on my skin bed, when the otters dug a hole and pulled me through the ground.

"There are four otter brothers. One is white, and, when he enters, a white light flashes from his eyes into the room; the red otter casts a red light over everything; the yellow brother throws a yellow light; and last of all comes the black otter. He has no light, and is the poorest. The other otters have all been cruel to me, and, if it had not been for their poor little black brother, I should not be alive. He brought food and soup when the others were away."





“My poor little sister! Have courage for a little while, and I will return and punish the wicked otters.” The Indian went back to the lodge.

“Brothers,” said he, “the otters have stolen our sister! Come, we will punish them.”

Each took a heavy club, and they went down to the sister's prison. First they unbound their sister, and then they waited; at last they heard a slight noise; then there came a white light. Up went the clubs, and soon the white otter was dead.

In a short time the room began to brighten with a soft red light. The red brother was coming, and the hunters were ready for him.

The yellow light was already upon them, and the yellow otter might have escaped had he suspected any danger, but the brothers were quick, and the three wicked otter brothers were dead.

The black otter took longer to come; he was carrying some food for the poor prisoner. The brothers could hear him; but, as he gave no light, they did not know how close he might be. They waited quietly, and at last they saw him stick his head through the opening, when they caught him with their hands and soon they were all on their way to the upper world.

The black otter was unhappy, for he did not like being a prisoner and asked the brothers to let him go.

“Yes,” said the eldest brother, “because you were kind to our sister, we will take pity on you, and free you.”

Since then all the otter people have been black, because he was the father of all otters.







